

THE  
TRAGEDIE  
OF  
*ALCESTE and ELIZA.*

As it is found in *Italian*, in  
*La Croceracquistata.*

Collected, and translated into *English*,  
in the same verse, and number,

By *Fr. Br. Gent.*

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*At the request of the right vertuous Lady, the  
Lady ANNE WINGFIELD. Wife  
unto that noble Knight, Sir Anthony  
Wingfield Baronet his Majesties  
High Shiriffe for the Countie  
of Suffolke.*

---

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THE  
TRAGEDY  
OF  
ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA





## My Booke.

**T**Hinkst thou to scape, when no booke scapes, that passes  
The Presse, but it is prest to under-go  
The censure, both of wise-men and of asses,  
That can, and cannot judge of what we do?

No, looke not for't : an Eagles eye will spy  
Spots in the Sunne, no other bird can see ;  
And yet the Owle that hath the weakest eye  
Will see by owle-light, twice as much as she.

Why then prevent them both, and first confesse  
Thy fault, and mine that sent thee to the Presse.

## Reader.

**I**F I were by thee when thou read'st my Booke,  
I should observe thy curtesie and skill.  
And happily conjecture by thy looke  
How I might mend some faults that scap't my quill :  
For I must tell thee, I was never yet  
Asham'd to borrow of a better wit.

But if I should perceive thee winke or scowle  
At any trifle, with thy pur-blind eyes,  
I should accompt thee but an idle Owle,  
That (so unlike an Eagle) catchest flies.  
For though my stock of wit be nere so little,  
I scorn to have it said, I rob the Spittle.

My Booke.

That I have to be written in this booke  
The first of the month of March  
The second of the month of April  
The third of the month of May  
The fourth of the month of June  
The fifth of the month of July  
The sixth of the month of August  
The seventh of the month of September  
The eighth of the month of October  
The ninth of the month of November  
The tenth of the month of December

C  
S  
X





For the better understanding of this  
*History, you may observe,*  
That

**C**Osdras ( or as some call him Cos-  
roes ) King of *Persia*, at such  
time as he tooke *Ierusalem* from  
the Christians, amongst other  
spoyles carried away the re-  
mainder of the Crosse which  
*Constantine* had left. And it was foureteene  
yeares before the Emperour *Heraclius* could re-  
cover it out of the *Pagans* hands.

The occasion, progresse, and issue of this  
warre, is the Argument of this Booke, intituled  
*La Croce racquistata*: out which this tale is taken.  
Wherin the Author had a large field: for all the  
great Princes and Captaines of the world were  
in these two Armies:

*Alceste* and *Eliza* were two of them, which were in the Christian armie. VVhose story on-  
I have pickt out, as I find it in severall places of  
the *Italian Booke*.

Every abruption in my Author is observed with a digression of mine owne, whereby you are directed to the very leafe and line. That they that list to compare the translation with the originall may see, that I have observed not only the sence, but the length and number of his staves.

Prince *Theodor* (who begins this Narration) was the Emperour *Heraclius* Nephew, and appointed by him to entertaine the Popes Nuncio, *Artemio*, being sent unto the armie from his Holinesse, to appease certaine differences happened amongst the Princes there.

*The rest is easie to be understood.*

VVherein if there be more Poeticall liberty then the precise rule of truth will warrant; or lesse regard to avoyd superstition then there ought to be amongst us; let the fault bee his, that I have too precisely followed.

The



## The Tragedie of *Alceste* and *Eliza*.

*When Theodor had made a short relation  
To Artemio of the present jarre,  
And nam'd each Knight, their nature & their nation  
That serv'd Heraclio in that holy warre,  
Against the Persian King, and come thus farre,  
He paus'd a while; and then began againe:  
As you may see, if you'l but take the paine.*

LIB. 3. Pag. 49.

28.

**B**Ehold (quoth he) that hindmost couple there,  
Whose colours & devise are white and red;  
A paire for gentleneffe without compare,  
Whom love hath linked in a lawfull bed.

*Alceste* and *Eliza* those two are  
With harts conjoyn'd, and soules unsevered.  
She (thanks to Love) for him's growne bold in war,  
And he in peace makes amorous warre with her.

Wounded

*The Tragedy of*

29.

Wounded with griefe and love, the maide was brought  
Well neere the period of her loathed life:  
Though now for patience and affection thought,  
The only patterne of a constant wife.  
Her Lovers absence, such dispaire had wrought,  
That full foure yeares together, in that strife,  
She kept the woods, and hard adventures sought:  
Her love unknowne, her cloathing rude and nought.

30.

She is the only Woman in the Camp,  
And her th'Emperor suffers though a Woman:  
But such her vertues are that they instamp  
Her valour equall to the manliest Man.  
Her arrowes fly as if with *Ioves* bright lamp  
They were directed to the marke: she can  
With shaftes from out her golden quiver there  
Kill beasts that run, and fowles that fly i'th aire.

31.

Her Bow doth promise, we the promise take,  
Of greater matters, from her femall hand,  
And I the sad and true report could make  
Of all her griefes, and let you understand  
How she became an Archer, for whose sake;  
But that I feare your patience to offend.  
And here he paus'd; as if he stood in doubt  
Should but trouble him, to tell it out.

Th'



Alceste and Eliza.

32.

Th' Ambassadour, perceiving what desire,  
Prince *Theodoro* had to tell his tale  
Of those two Lovers, that in endlesse fire  
Of griefe and Love were sacrific'd for all,  
Turning about to heare a case so dire,  
(Though accidents of Love be full of gaule )  
Commands himselfe ( as courtesie doth still  
In such light things ) to please an others will.

33.

And answer'd thus, I shall be glad to heare,  
Since happily you are not loath to tell,  
The sharp events of honest Lovers, where  
In length of time, they end their troubles well.  
This said, he held his peace. When *Theodor*,  
With voyce distinct and cleere, of what befell  
(Vntold before ) a fresh report did make,  
And turning to the Nuncio thus he spake.

34.

In the *Laconic* sea *Citera* lies,  
As faire an Iland as the Sun can see  
In this our Horizon, and one likewise  
Surrounded with the sea as pleasantly ;  
There were these Lovers borne, and that implies  
Their tender age was spent as merrily,  
In laughing, sporting, playing still together,  
When neither place nor age denide it either.

Then

*The Tragedy of*

35.

There did a Love that knew not what Love was  
Knit on their hearts a knot they never knew ;  
They'd sigh sometimes, but when they sigh'd, alas  
They understood not whence that sighing grew :  
For as for feare or hope, no cause there was ;  
(Though hope and feare increast their love, tis true)  
Thus, silly things, some space before they know  
What tis to Love, doe perfect Lovers grow.

36.

Their age increas'd, and their desires as fast,  
Which afterwards they often quench and light  
With, marriage bed ; till envious Fortune cast  
To spoyle their pleasures, and to part them quite.  
*Cesdra* a girt *Carthagen* about the waste,  
And we were summon'd to defend our right.  
The Army marcheth, then to sea it hailes,  
And covers all the *Ocean* with their sailes.

37.

Thus hard necessity ( which choice denies )  
Compell'd the Knight to leave his dearest wife ;  
His leave he tooke with water in his eyes  
And look'd as pale as if he left his life.  
At last they part, and he the saile unties,  
Which *Boreas* sighes and his do drive astrife.  
Away he goes, but goes without a heart,  
For faire *Eliza* will not let that part.

His



*Alceste and Eliza.*

38.

His eyes full-fraught with teares, his brest with woes,  
This poore distressed husband onward drives,  
And sadly through the warry Forrest rows,  
To succour *Carthage*, or to spend their lives.  
But t'was too late, the towne was lost, and those  
Which tooke it gone, before his fleete arrives.  
He staid awhile to put his shippes in frame  
And then return'd the fleete from whence it came.

39.

Now in this interim there was a Knight,  
Newly arrived on the *Affric* side,  
To lend poore *Carthage* ( as he thought he might )  
Some little help in this their greatest need :  
Who after supper ( when mens hearts are light,  
And take least heed of what they say ) espide  
Th' enamoured *Alcest*, stand with down-cast eyes,  
Observ'd him sad, and doth the cause surmise.

40.

Fy Sir ( quoth he ) banish this melancholy,  
Which clouds your brow, and corasives your heart :  
Thought ( you do know ) is but a wise-mans folly,  
And does nought else but duplie our smart.  
If it be Love possesseth you so wholly,  
( As many youths it doth that lacke the art )  
Why pluck it up betimes ; there's no such ill,  
As to be subiect to a womans will.

No

*The Tragedie of*

41.

Nor can there be a woman that's not base,  
That wretched sex, hath neither love nor faith,  
It is not valour, wit, or comely grace,  
But gold, tis only gold their fancy swaith.  
I have tride a thousand, yet not one whose case  
Diffreth in this : I lothe them all he saith.  
And reckons up a number so imbrac't  
By him for money ; and describes the last.

42.

Vpon *Citera* shore that doth behold  
*Asopoes* back, a stately house is set  
Built partly on a rocke, as if it would  
Behold it selfe i'th sea that closeth it.  
There had I one, ( but as the rest for gold )  
*Eliza* call'd, a rare and dainety bit  
And if ones lookes could have perswaded me  
That any had beene honest, t'had beene she.

43.

Some what retir'd, and in blacke garments clad,  
A nigard of her haire, and modest looke  
Demure in gate, and rather slow then sad,  
Reserv'dly wise in all she undertooke,  
A down-cast eye, from whence her beauties had  
Fixt at her foote the rayes they from it tooke,  
Seem'd thus to say. I looke not, view not me,  
For I regard no others misery.

But



Alceste and Eliza.

44.

But as loves wealth the more it is conceal'd  
Appeares the more, and moves the more desire,  
And love burnes hottest till it be reveal'd,  
( Deniall serving but to blow the fire )  
So I *Eliza* much the fairer held,  
In those meane clothes, and long'd the more to try her  
But so her Nurse to ease my love had wrought  
That to conclusion now the match was brought.

45.

This woman leane with age, and meager growne,  
Faines religion, counterfeits devotion,  
Goes muttering on her beades in such a tone,  
As you would thinke her matines never done:  
You often see her kisse the holy ground,  
And knocke her hollow breast untill it found,  
Shee's mistress of deceit, and with her art  
Can turne the key of every others heart.

46.

This aged Beldame silently by night,  
Convei'd me to the place mine Idoll lay:  
An unfrequented passage out of sight,  
She privately had open'd towards the sea.  
Her chamber and her bed this wandring Knight  
Describ'd at full, and all he could bewray;  
Lavish of speech at such a lavish table,  
Where wine of *Cret* had made his tongue more able  
Whereby

*The Tragedie of*

47.

Whereby the husband being made too lure  
Of that afront which he had done him, cri'd,  
How dar'st thou (villaine) think thy selfe secure  
Whilst thus thou gloriest in so foule a deed?  
Shall I my wifes shame and mine owne endure?  
Heaven sent thee hither to receive thy meede:  
At my hand tak't; when drawing out his sword,  
He furiously assail'd him at the bord.

48.

Th' Adulterer confounded and surpris'd,  
Had scarce his drunken hand upon his sword,  
When ill defended, as he was advis'd,  
He wounded fell, to dy the earth in blood.  
His fortune with his folly had devis'd,  
To end his supper at a sadder bord.  
Amongst the pots and platters on the ground  
His carcasle lay: his soule in wine was drown'd.

49.

*Alceste* lingers not, but hastes to sea  
With one small Pinnace, leaving all the rest;  
The South-wind swel'd his sailes, and he made way  
Through deepest waves, with deeper thoughts oppress'd.  
A deadly palenesse on his face there lay,  
A sadnesse worse then death posselt his brest,  
He found no rest or place, sometimes he brake  
Out into fighes, but nere a word he spake.

The



Alceste and Eliza.

50.

The fourth day that this desperate lover quit  
The Affrick shore, he might discern in sight,  
(The flatnesse of the sea permitting it)  
Faire *Citera's* Isle, though nothing nye it:  
He alter'd then his course, at last he lutt  
Upon the coast of *Mallia*, when 'twas night.  
From thence a servant to his wife he sent,  
With this commission, and to this intent.

51.

Goe thou (quoth he) and get my wife aboard,  
And when thou hast her far enough from shore,  
That no man can perceiue, or heare a word,  
Then murder her: I need not tell thee more,  
Which if thy sword refuse, why let thy sword  
Be spar'd from bloud, so thou wilt cast her o're.  
Be sure to make her sure, and lend no eare  
To any scuce she makes, or any praier.

52.

Away he goes, resolv'd to do the deed;  
Comes to *Citera*, in *Alcestes* name  
Salutes *Eliza*, who was soon agreed  
To meet her husband, since he wold the same.  
And (lest his tale might some suspicion breed)  
He told her where he lost him, whence he came;  
And that he should be forc't to stay a while  
Before he could return into the Isle.

B

The

*The Tragedy of*

53.

The loving wife that knew the messenger  
Easily beleeu'd the message which he brought.  
And joyfull of the newes, suspects no danger  
But sets her heedlesse feet into his boat.  
The Rascall leaves the shore, and in his anger,  
When time and place was fitting ( as he thought )  
More raging then the sea whereon he went,  
Flyes on the Woman, gives his fury vent.

54.

And on her gentle face ( that might appease  
The Lions fury, and the Adders sting,  
And was of force to mollifie with ease  
The hardest Oakes that in the deserts spring )  
When he had fixt his sterne and staring eyes,  
In act as desperate as spight could bring,  
He wrap't his left-hand in her tender haire,  
And with his right he did his sword up-reare.

55.

And with abusive speech ( disjoyntly plac't  
With horror of the fact ) dispatch saith he,  
*Eliza* thou must dy, this is thy last,  
Thy time is come, thou mai'st no longer be:  
Wilt thou have sword or sea? she wretch in hast  
( Put to so hard a choyce as here you see )  
With lips as pale as earth, and trembling breath,  
Requir'd at least the reason of her death.

The



Alceste and Eliza.

56.

The reason is ( quoth he ) to tell thee plaine  
Thy husbands will, for he commands it so ;  
This said, he tug'd her by the haire againe  
And mov'd his sword to give the fatall blow.  
At that, (like Phœbus in a showre of raine)  
Her beauties thorough her watry glasses show  
Come on ( quoth she ) obey my Lord, and thine,  
If such his pleasure be, even such is mine.

57.

For him, not for my selfe, my life was sweet,  
For him I loth it that doth it despise,  
Love made it his at first, and his t's yet,  
On him it rests, for him it lives and dies.  
And though my death with some displeasure meet,  
Because it parts me from the thing I prize,  
Yet his contentment is so deare to mee,  
T'will sweeten every torment thou shalt see.

58.

But, one thing rests, which I must intreate,  
As the last service thou canst do for me,  
That when thou seest my Lord, thou wilt repeate  
These words, which dying hardly uttered be,  
„ Thy late *Eliz* whose faithfull love as yet  
„ Hath never wrong'd thee, dies as true to thee.  
And here she turn'd to God ; then did expose  
Her faire brest, naked to his cruell blowes.

*The Tragedy of*

59.

But he that was before so arm'd with rage,  
That neither teares nor praiers had prevail'd,  
The greatnes of ones hart, ones constant cariage  
Prisoner and bound ( who would beleeve it) quail'd,  
His sword was up to lop her tender age,  
But pity had so charm'd him, that it fail'd,  
Vnable now to strike or fetch a blow,  
His arme grew weake, his hand his sword let go.

60.

Which made him leave the worke, and turning to her  
More mildly then before, these words he spake.  
I would thy death were not within my power,  
Or that I could remit it for thy sake;  
But thou art wife unto that Lord of our,  
I but his servant that this undertake:  
Yet if thou wilt accept of what I'le give,  
Instead of death, thou shalt in exile live.

61.

If thou wilt promise on thy faith before,  
To get thee gon, and ner'e returne againe,  
I'le set thee yonder on that rusticke shore,  
And say I drown'd thee in the *Ocean*:  
From whence thou mai'st by travell more and more  
Absent thy selfe, and these our coasts refraine.  
But sware thou wilt not stay in any place,  
Where newes may come of his *Eliza's* case.

She



Alceste and Eliza.

62.

She answer'd, Friend dispatch, strike through this brest,  
Why would'st thou have me live, since I forgo  
That cruell one ? who (such) yet I protest  
Is my Lives Life. Let fall that deadly blow,  
Let fall that hand, that hand to death addrest,  
Let me not live against his will to go:  
For such a life would be a death to me,  
And any death for him will pleasing be.

63.

Thus she intreats for that life parting blow,  
To shew the duty of a loving wife.  
But now hee'l not consent it should be so  
That heretofore would have deni'd her life.  
A strange dissention here is seene to grow,  
Betwixt these parties, and a noble strife,  
An innocent young Woman begs to dy,  
Which he that was to kill her, doth deny.

64.

But after that *Eliza* had sometime  
Begg'd death, of that her murtherer in vaine,  
And by intreating in an unuis'd stile,  
Had shew'd a noble courage to remaine,  
(In hope her innocence to reconcile,  
At better leasure, if she were not slaine )  
Commands her selfe at last to be content,  
And to a loathed life doth give consent.

She

*The Tragedy of*

56.

And both her cheekes bedewed with her teares,  
( Like untouch't Roses in a mornings frost )  
To lead her bani'sht feete to him she swears  
Amongst strange people, in a foraine cost,  
Her vaile she leaves, and cuts her golden haire,  
And all that may disguise her beauties most.  
She sadly throwes her purple robe aside,  
And in a servile habit doth abide.

66.

He lends it her : and on a desert place  
He leaves her weeping ; steales himselfe from thence.  
She or'e the mountaines all-alone doth trace,  
Tasts little foode but what her sorrow vents.  
Studies to seeme uncivile rude and bale,  
As if she had beene bred to give offence,  
Like those rude people that she met with ever ;  
Yet doth her study and her art deceive her.

67.

In vaine she strives to hide the gentle aire  
Of her aspect, her fashion, or her gate ;  
Her courtlike carriage will not rude appeare,  
Nor yet her eyes their lovelines abate.  
Her faire hands shew too white, her skin too faire  
In all she does they marke too great a state.  
As when a cloud doth over-spread the sunne,  
With her blacke curtaines, yet the dai's not done.

Now



68.

Now when sh'had wandred up and down 10. mooness  
A forlorne stranger, in an unknown land :  
And with her scalding sighs, and inward groanes  
Had made the woods resound that were at-hand ;  
A curteous Shepheard that had heard her mones  
Receiv'd her home into his household band :  
Where (taken for a Boy) shee's let to keepe  
Sometimes great cattell, sometimes flocks of sheepe.

69.

And with a sheephooke, and a Shepheards accents,  
( Accents too sweet for such a meane profession )  
She drives her flocks unto the hills ascents,  
To feede or fold them, as she sees dicretion.  
The woods attentive to her sad laments,  
She makes compassionate, beyond expreffion.  
The rivers and the groves by turnes condole  
The lamentations of her vexed soule.

70.

Where standing sadly ( on a time ) she spi'd  
A mountaine-goat, come, running towards the wood  
She kept her close, and striking at his side  
The Steele devour'd his life, and suckt his blood.  
His one horne to the other then she tide,  
And made thereof a Bow both strong and good.  
Wherewith she quickly such an Archer grew,  
*As Parthia or Persia never knew.*

*The Tragedy of*

71.

With this she scour'd the woods, and when it was night  
Came richly laden home wards with her pray,  
And where the thickest trees most hindred light,  
There all alone she spent the weary day,  
Breathing those passions out, which still invite  
The usuall tribute, which her eyes did pay.  
And after all her weeping, all her paine,  
The aire in sighs, the grasse in teares remaine.

72.

Long she continued in this bitter plight,  
Which had the blossome of her beauty blasted;  
Her glad sad Aprill would afford no light,  
For in obscurity it ever lasted.  
Vntill by chance, a certaine ventrous Knight  
Most deadly wounded, towards this Cottage hasted,  
Where shortly after he his life forlooke,  
Whose horse and armour this Virago tooke.

73.

With these she ment, and presently assai'd  
To prove her selfe a Knight amongst the best.  
She thought her death was long-enough delai'd,  
Or that her sorrow liv'd too long (at least)  
And though the hard, and sturdy armour lai'd  
Too sore a burthen, on her tender brest,  
Yet still she bore it: and I know not whether  
The steele grew softer, or her body harder.

Meane



*Alceste and Eliza.*

74.

Meane while, the servant ( unto whose great care  
Her death was left ) return'd unto his Lord,  
And told him, how he drag'd her by the haire,  
And having kil'd her, cast her overbord.  
Well, then ( quoth he ) take thou that money there,  
But get thee gone ; he now so much abhord  
The act, and fear'd the name of homicide,  
He could no more the actors sight abide.

75.

Away he goes. But now more doubts then one  
The credulous husband hammers in his heart.  
He doubts th'occasion may be small or none ;  
And now repents him of so rash a part.  
Comes to *Citera*, takes the Nurse alone,  
( He fiercely lookes, she as she would depart )  
At last he questions her ( too late growne wife )  
With sword in hand, and fire in both his eyes.

76.

Come-on thou Quean ( quoth he ) For I will know  
The truth of all, who was it that thou brought'st  
To wrong my wife and me : dispatch and show  
( For thou art she that my dishonor wrought'st )  
The aged devill at such a fearefull blow  
Fell trembling downe, her heart was wholly lost.  
And craving pardon, told in what degree  
Her selfe was guilty, but *Eliza* free.

O'rrcome

*The Tragedy of*

77.

O'recome my Lord with gold, I must confesse  
I heark'ned to a loving fooles desire,  
Who came well stor'd with lust, with witthe lesse,  
To crave my helpe, his heart was so on fire  
But I that knew t'was time but lost to presse  
Your chast *Eliza*, never once would try her.  
My wits I tri'd, and by another moine  
Contented him with fraud, my selfe with coine.

78.

*Terea* I perswaded to receive  
The foolish Lover in *Eliza's* roome :  
For *Terea's* age and stature would deceive  
( They are so like your wives ) a wiser groome.  
The affe or'e-joy'd with what he did conceive  
I brought unto your very marriage roome.  
For I had made your ignorant wife, by art,  
Remove that night into an other part.

79.

I left the gallant there awhile ; who stai'd  
Full of desire, expecting my returne :  
At last I came, and brought with me the maid,  
Wrapt in my Mistresse gowne, to fit his turne.  
A light ( scarce giving light in that darke shade )  
I suddainly put-out, it should not burne :  
And in your chamber, and your very bed  
They tooke their pleasures, and their pleasures fed.

And



*Alceste and Eliza.*

80.

And I, before the light from-out the east  
Should shew it selfe, or what he might would hide,  
Importun'd him to leave his restless rest,  
And steale away before he were discride.  
And he whose hot desire ( as then he gest  
Was satisfi'd at full ) went out unspide.  
And here the Beldam staid. *Alceste* stood  
Vnmov'd at first : then rage enflam'd his blood.

81.

Thou damned wretch ( quoth he ) through thee have I  
Then slaine my loving, chaste, and loyall wife,  
(Or rather life) and that too wrongfully.  
Thy fault shall never passe without thy life.  
He was about to strike, when suddainly  
The basenes of the object staid his knife.  
He runnes from her to *Terea* to know  
Whether the quean had told him true or no.

82.

He finds it so : and t'was no easie wound  
That arrow made, for through his heart it wrought.  
An extreame sorrow had his wits so drown'd  
That to revenge it on himselfe he thought ;  
And sure his foule had quickly been unbound  
To follow hers, ( a naked ghost now brought )  
But that his Friends the resolution spy,  
And teach him soone a better way to dy.

Per-

*The Tragedy of*

83.

Perfwaded by them not to make his death  
The dire occasion of his endleſſe woe,  
Hee's come to *Aſia*, where he undergoeth  
The greateſt dangers that a man can know :  
But howſoe'er he ſeeks to ſpend his breath,  
Ventr'ing a thouſand waies to end it ſo,  
His fate reſerves him for a better ſtory,  
And where he ſeeks his death, he findes his glory.

84.

When this diſtreſſed Knight had full foure yeares  
Continued conſtant in this mournfull plight,  
(Acknowledging his error with his teares,  
And never finding comfort or delight.)  
A wandring Knight before the trench appears,  
And calls *Alceſte* to a ſingle fight.  
His name unknown, he ſtill maintain'd the place,  
And kept his bever down to hide his head.

85.

The ſtrange defiance which this ſtranger made,  
Came quickly to *Alceſtes* eares by many;  
He arm'd with ſpeed, and on his Courſer ſtaid  
The opening of the gate, then took the vally.  
His viſage and his carriage well bewraid  
He was of courage to have answered any.  
He takes his Lance, and fits himſelfe to run,  
But firſt unto the Knight he thus begun.



*Alceste and Eliza.*

86.

I am the same *Alceste*, you have fought  
To fight withall, yet give no reason why;  
Thought that be reasonlesse, me thinks you might  
Reveale your name, before we battaile try.  
Thou see'st I am a Knight, if that be ought,  
Take that (quoth he) and make no more reply.  
I beare thee no ill will, yet am this day  
The greatest foe thou hast, 'tis all I le say.

87.

And here their horses spur'd, together went,  
The stranger stoop't his lance, as well 'twas seen  
He did it warily: *Alceste* lent  
A blow upon his shield, it split againe:  
And yet it fell farre better than he ment,  
For now his Lance (more kinde than he had been)  
Flying in pieces, made no other wound,  
But left the adverse party on the ground.

88.

*Alceste* lites, and runs unto his foe,  
To seaze his armes, when taking off his crest,  
Afrighted starts, to see *Eliza* so:  
The face was hers he knew, that he lov'd best,  
His gentle wife he thought dead long agoe,  
Onely maintain'd alive within his brest.  
He stands amaz'd, and unremov'd, like one  
Depriv'd of life, sence, speech, and motion.

And

*The Tragedie of*

89.

And there had di'ed ( his wandring soule forlooke  
And fled for suddain joy so from his heart )  
But that it was deprest, with grieve he tooke  
For his past error, in his nobler part.  
From whence in floods of death, his life and looke  
Now went, now came ; yet life would not depart.  
Sorrow or joy might each have wrought their will,  
But both conjoyn'd, could not *Alceste* kill.

90.

His living wife lookt on him stedfastly,  
And seeing him forbear to use his brand,  
She sent a silent speech from out her eye,  
Which he that loves, or none, can understand.  
Cruell ( quoth she ) thine anger satisfie ;  
Who rescues me ? who saves me from thy hand ?  
*Eliza's* come into thy hands, that she  
Obeying them, may only dy by thee.

91.

I know too well *Alceste*, tis thy will  
(Not to offend thee with the name of husband )  
I should not be thy wife, or living still :  
*Eliza* will not live, lest she offend,  
I meane to dy ; but ô do thou distill  
The blood out of these vaines, and ther's an end.  
Why staist' thou ? do it : glut thy selfe at last ;  
Only beleeve, I never was unchast.



*Alceste and Eliza.*

92.

If through thy servants pittie unto me,  
Some foure yeares since, I was not slaughtered,  
Repent it not : for though I living be,  
The shady woods have held me buried.  
Now to be kild againe I come to thee,  
That so our wills may not be severed :  
For I by thee a double death shall dy,  
And thou by that a double pleasure try.

93.

*Alceste* at these speeches fell a shaking,  
Like to a reed that on the sea-banke growes  
A flood of teares his sorrows overtaking  
Showes his repentance, and from whence it flowes.  
Or'come with kindnesse, and his foule mistaking  
Hee's often dumb, and by his silence showes  
All that his tongue locks up, and more reveales  
One looke of his, then want of speech conceales.

94.

But after he his fault had fully showne,  
And season'd his requests with bitter moane,  
Bitter to him, but his repentance knowne,  
More sweete to her then *Hybla's* nectar growne,  
The loving Spoule ( forgetting faults fore-gone )  
Beheld him with a calmer looke, like one  
That sent a faithfull message from her heart  
Which promis'd pardon, profer'd peace in part.

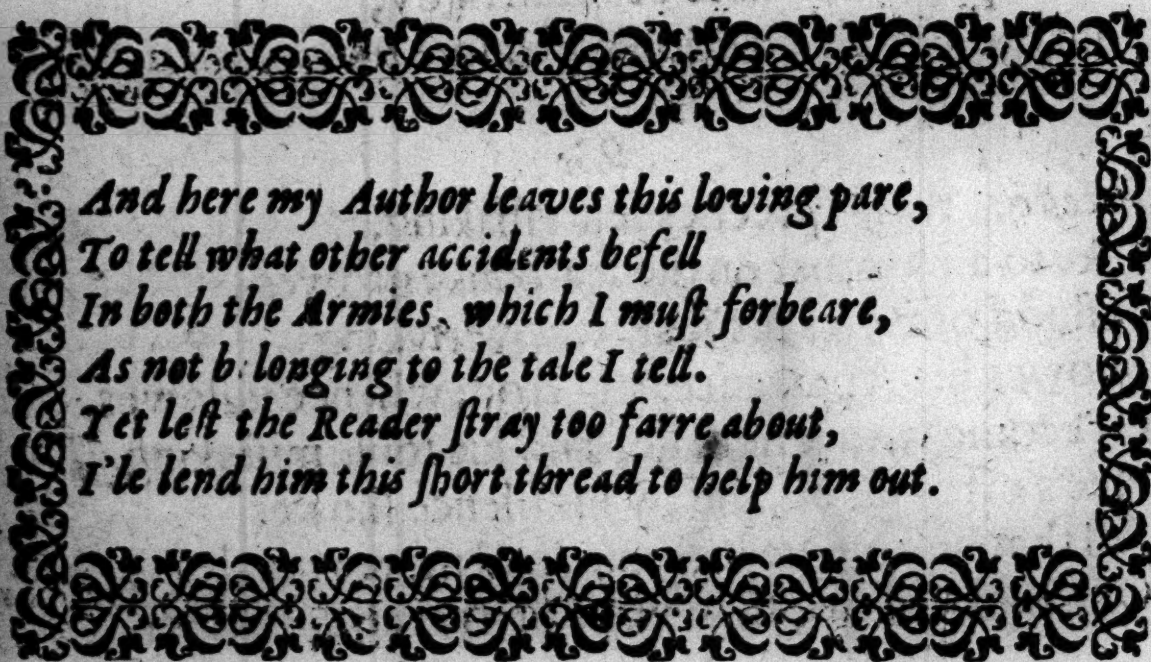
Here

## *The Tragedie of*

*Here endeth the relation which Prince Theodore made to the Popes Nuntio: the rest of the story followeth, as I finde it reported by the Author, in other places.*



### *2 Digression.*



*And here my Author leaves this loving pare,  
To tell what other accidents befell  
In both the Armies, which I must forbear,  
As not belonging to the tale I tell.  
Yet lest the Reader stray too farre about,  
I'll lend him this short thread to help him out.*

**H***eracio* was besieg'd by *Cosdras* host,  
Within his trenches, which the Emperour  
Defended bravely to the Pagans cost,  
Till one *Gersan* (a cunning Engener)  
Devis'd a concav'd glasse, convekt, imboft,  
And in the f. shion of an hemisphere,  
Which taking the sun beames within it's center,  
Return'd in fire, what but in light did enter.

**This**



Alceste and Eliza.

This in a chariot closely he convey'd,  
As neere the Christians camp as well he mought.  
The Pagans (arm'd for all advantage) staid  
To see what strange effect this Engin wrought.  
It was no looner to the Sun displai'd,  
But death and terror to the camp it brought,  
And had consum'd them all, but for these twain,  
As you may reade in this insuing Scene.

*I finde in the Imperiall historie, that this glasse was devised before the warres betwixt Cosdras and Heraclius, to set certain ships on fire in a haven; the truth I aver not, my Author I follow. This tale is discontinued from the 3. to the 23. booke, as appeares.*



Lib. 23. p. 407.

I

**B**Oth camps had line encampt on severall hills,  
The one against the other divers daies,  
And neither of them both had any wils  
To leave the mountains for the plainer waies.  
Untill old *Gersan* (fire of arts and skills)  
Though broken now with years, yet other waies  
Of sounder judgement, and profounder skill,  
Offerd himself to be at *Cosdra's* will.

C

This

## The Tragedy of

2.

This man was noted from his very cradle,  
To be of high conceit, and deep fore-sight;  
That could out-watch the Moon, and was as able  
To make it breake of day before 'twas light,  
Hang stones i' th' aire, as if the aire were stable,  
Turn rivers backwards to their fountains right,  
Count the Sunnes steps, and measure heaven in parts,  
For sence and study help him in his arts.

3.

When *Gersan* was conducted to the King,  
He found him musing in no little fret:  
He meant to give th' assault; but then the thing  
Which stai'd him, was, th' Empror hindred it.  
If you my Lord (saies he) forbear to bring  
Your standard forward, never conquer'd yet,  
Because you see *Heracio* guards the place,  
Or that you think it in too strong a case.

4.

I'le promise you, by noon to burn as farre  
Within your enemies trenches, as a bow  
Will shoot a shaft, or engine us'd in warre  
Can cast a stone, I speake but what I know.  
Courage, an easie passage needs no spurre;  
A foe unarm'd will never hurt his foe,  
And I with fire from heaven will make you see  
The place you think too strong, too weake for me.

Thus



Alceste and Eliza.

5.

Thus far he went: and *Cosdra* lending care,  
Made little doubt of what he heard him speake.  
The camp arose before the day was cleare,  
And march't away as soon as 'twas day-breake,  
Descending down the hill a full carriere,  
Approch't the Roman Camp, which was not weake,  
The Pagan King had then so huge an hoast,  
It fill'd the plains, and cover'd all the coast.

6.

The Sun was risen, and from both the camps  
The shadowes through his golden raies shew'd bright.  
The armours, kindled by celestiaall lamps,  
Were reinflamed by a greater light.  
The mooving steel seem'd fields of corn, whose clamps  
A southern wind had breath'd upon in spight.  
Helmets, targets, curaces, and the rest  
Were but as straw, or eares of corn, at best.

7.

The vangard fierce *Rubeno* managed,  
The rereward *Cosdra*, and the maine was led  
By stern *Armallo*, on a Thracian steed,  
Pide white and black, and richly furnished,  
Moving undauntedly his lofty head  
Above each squadron; for it might be said  
There was no meaner man that with his crest  
Could reach his shoulder, or above his brest.

C 2

This

## *The Tragedy of*

8.

This Leader marcht in haste, and with him led  
The ample Army which he did command,  
As whole, as *Ganges* when she leaves her bed,  
And fills the Ocean with her Asian land.  
Or that proud River which doth over-spread  
The sun-burnt *Affrick*, when it flowes the land,  
And heavens defect with her full veines supplies,  
And makes the sea with her seven hornes to rise.

9.

The watchfull Sentinels meane while descri'd  
The Persian Army which approacht them nye,  
And first the dust and then the men they spide,  
That in the clowd came marching silently,  
With this important newes they run and ride.  
*Heracio* slept not when he heard the cry.  
Th' allarum given, the warlike trumpets sound,  
And through th'entrails of the camp resound,

10.

The Emperor all armed save his head,  
Disposed quickly of his men at armes;  
Causing troops of them to be assembled  
Within the trench, to answer all alarms.  
The right wing by himselfe was governed,  
The left he left to *Theodors* commands.  
And here with signs, and there with voyce did show  
What might be helpfull, what might hurtfull grow.

The



## Alceste and Eliza

11.

The Cavalrie upon the rampier stood  
So fitly placed, that with signes they might  
Make show to them without, their hearts were good,  
And courage serv'd them to a present fight:  
What vantage death, what damage lyes in bloud,  
What glory armes, what honour wounds requite.  
They shake their shields, and flourish with their swords,  
To shew the field is not a stage for words.

12.

But now behold (consuming all the plaine)  
Th'affailant Army makes a close approach,  
And they that on the fenced sconce remain,  
Discern the Ensignes that so neer incroch:  
From hence the Pagan, thence the Roman traine  
With fierce aspects, and visage of reproch,  
Before their swords or darts can come to light,  
Do shoot at one another scorn and spight.

13.

Meane while *Rubens* brought his men by art  
Up to the Romans trench, without prevention;  
And *Gersan* carried on a four-wheel'd Cart  
Amongst the souldiers, this his new invention,  
So bound about, and covered every part,  
That humane light was blinde to his intention.  
Foure gentle horses black as pitch of hue  
This fiery chariot (soft and eas'ly) drue.

C3

*The Tragedy of*

14.

But when that engine was convey'd so ny't,  
That now the Roman camp in danger lay,  
*Gersan* stai'd his horses, to unty it :  
The native light out-shin'd the lightsome day;  
He turn'd it then against the Sun, to try it,  
When in that light a fire was leen to play,  
So kindled by the funnes united beames,  
As one great river made of many streames.

15.

The work is made of one great hollow glasse,  
Well leaded over on the outer side,  
Into whose concave when the Sun doth passe,  
His beames are fixt, and in one point abide,  
Where all reflections meet from every place,  
And back again reflect, with greater pride.  
The rayes it gathers out again it flings;  
Like one maine River from a thousand springs.

16.

This deadly glasse, the Suns united raies  
Sends back again, with such an ardent ire,  
That it inflames the aire, dryes up the waies,  
Consumes the woods, and sets the fields on fire.  
Now what can souldiers do in such a case?  
Or who can free them when they help require?  
Weapons cannot, defence serves not the turn,  
The fire flies alwaies out, and all doth burn.

The



Alceste and Eliza.

17.

The lightnings which the cruell glasse sends out,  
Strikes on the Romans as they lye in hold :  
And where it strikes, no Grecian is so stout,  
Or yet Italian, but his heart grows cold :  
The flames spare no man, so disperc't about;  
The trenches are grown empty to behold;  
The vally is so waisted with the stroke,  
That part in flames, and part remains in smoke.

18.

*Cesar* his tyred souldiers doth perswade  
To stop the currant of that raging fire :  
Which quencht in one place, doth the rest invade,  
As *Gersar* turns the glasse, or his desire;  
Sometimes the men themselves his mark are made,  
Sometimes the hand which brings the water nyer,  
The very vessels (as each other thing)  
Return with fire, though they the water bring.

19.

The Emperor like a Mariner of skill,  
That guides a naked and distressed ship  
Through stormy seas, and winds that whistle shrill,  
With broken ribs, and in a drop sic fit,  
Yet stands it out, gainst windes and billowes still,  
And in a case of death shrinks not a whit,  
Or howsoe're with waves and crosse-winds tost,  
Will never yeeld till life and all be lost.

*The Tragedy of*

20.

So he to animate his weary men  
Boldly through the thickest flames doth wade,  
And makes the severall breaches up again,  
Which in the rampiers side, the fire had made.  
His souldiers (through suspicion) look as when  
A man is desperate or clean dismaid.  
Both hope and fear have given their hearts one blow,  
But this they cannot, that they will not know.

21.

*Eliza* sees the flames, and looking pale,  
Creeps silently to her deare husbands side :  
As in a sudden showr of rain or haile,  
The loving Turtle useth to abide.  
She clings to him, that death it self might faile  
To part her life from his, or them divide.  
The fire growes neer her, and from her faire brest  
She sends a sigh, and calls upon *Alcest*.

22.

My deare, the fatall hour is come (saies she)  
Of our lives date: it troubles me the lesse  
Since heav'n is pleas'd I should dye with thee,  
Or rather in thy bosome, as I guesse;  
I know our soules can never severed be,  
And though our bodies suffer this distresse,  
I hope that heat which kept them living, will  
Preserve them after death united still.

And



**Alceste and Eliza.**

23.

And reason 'tis (since heaven hath preordain'd  
That we should meet in this extremity)  
That they whose lives Loves-fire hath still maintain'd,  
Should dye by fire conjoyn'd as lovingly.  
And happy we if this for us remain'd  
When we are dead. I hope it verily,  
That some sweet ayre will on our ashes blow,  
And mingling them in one, unite them so.

24.

The loving husband faine would have repli'd,  
But sorrow stopt his breath, he could not speake:  
He forc't himselfe, but inward griefe deni'd  
All but a sigh, the rest was all too weake.  
At last his face grew cleere, his tongue unti'd,  
(As lightning, on a clowd is seen to breake)  
And turning to his faire and lovely Bride,  
He kindly look't, and thus to her replide.

25.

Lend me thy bow, for I will thither goe,  
Whence that old Sire consumes and burns so fast;  
And taking equall distance for my blow,  
Will with an arrow breake that fatall glasse,  
I hope I shall return as quickly too;  
But say I dye, whose life can better passe?  
Who more contented? who with greater gaine?  
When I may save thy life, by being slain?

The

*The Tragedy of*

26.

The Dam'sell answer'd him without delaies,  
In gesture loving, mixt with some disdain.  
When was my life so deare to me? she saies,  
What sign therof hath hitherto been tane?  
That thou should'st thus desire to change thy daies,  
For mine so vile, and so unworthy gaine.  
*Eliza* is not, no, her heart can tell  
Like other women, if thou mark'st her well.

27.

I speake it not to brag, but if't be true  
That I have felt a thousand deaths for thee,  
In four years space, when (farre without thy view)  
In desert woods I sought my misery:  
How can I now endure thou should'st pursue  
An action of such danger, without me?  
And shall not I, that (loath'd) have challeng'd thee,  
(Spur'd on by Love) now beare thee company?

28.

Is this thy minde? and cannot all the proves  
Given heretofore, when left I could affie,  
Perswade thee that *Eliza's* one that loves,  
But she must stay, and thou must goe and dye?  
*Alceste*, this my onely glory proves,  
That in the chains which our affections tye  
The link wherein I am, is not so weake,  
But first the knot of this my life will breake.

But



*Alceste and Eliza.*

29.

But why delay we time? my bow and I  
Will goe with thee: this expert hand doth know  
A neerer way to 'th marke, then thine can spie,  
Strikes farther of, and gives a greater blow.  
And well thou know'st, if Love have made me die  
The field in bloud, if warlike yea or no;  
To shew how much she dares, how little feares  
That in her bosome amorous fire beares.

30.

This said, she stai'd, and when *Alceste* had  
In vaine perswaded her to change her minde,  
They both agreed; and (soon in armour clad)  
The knight related what they had design'd.  
The Emperor to heare it was right glad,  
His royall armes about their necks he twin'd,  
And said; Goe then, and let your fortunes be  
Such as your vertues are, well known to me.

31.

And if reward may any vantage bring  
To that desire which vertue doth incense,  
(Vertue which seems to aske no other thing,  
But takes it selfe alone for recompence)  
Leave this enclosed ground, not tarrying  
To hinder that, which gives us such offence:  
For I will not be wanting unto you,  
Either in honour or reward, I vow.

*They*

*The Tragedy of*

32.

They undertake the charge, and take their leaves,  
With constant minds, and well-assured faces :  
Whereat the Emperour good hope conceives,  
And comforts them with Fatherly imbraces.  
Their wide attempt a narrow passage craves,  
(Delaies be dangerous in desprat cases.)  
But now these vent'rous wights their horses take,  
And (mounted) streight the burning Sconce forsake.

33.

Vpon two coursers never liter were  
Bred of the rases in *Arabia* ;  
That fire within them, snow without them beare,  
Wings at their heeles whereon the wind doth play,  
They issue forth ; and short thin garments weare,  
To shunne the fury of that glasse ray.  
Prais'd and lamented of a thousand Knights,  
Depart this generous paire of loving wights.

34.

*Cleantus* staies to guard a secret way,  
Whereby they may find safe retreat at need,  
If adverse Fortune do not say them nay,  
Or that their bold attempt should well succeed.  
Their horses run as in a cloudy day,  
A flash of lightning flies, such is their speed ;  
Anon so ny the cruell glasse they grow,  
*Eliza* tries to draw her horned bow.

The



*Alceste and Eliza.*

35.

The string let-go resounds, and soundly sent  
The winged shaft flies through the open aire,  
The arrow singing all the way it went,  
The cord still trembling, as it were for feare.  
When lo, right as the skilfull Archer ment  
The arrow lights, and breakes the glasse speare :  
And as a torch that is in water drencht  
The light extinguish'd, and the fire was quench't.

36.

The glasse thus broken, all the peeces fly  
About the field, and strew the dusty plaine.  
Whereby the flames that did so damnifie  
Became but idle practises and vaine.  
This, when the Christian souldiors saw that lie  
Intrench't within the circle of the flame,  
Their hopes revive, and they new courage take,  
Defend themselves, and brave resistance make.

37.

The Pagan-hoast (enrag'd with this disgrace)  
Flyes to revenge, and sets upon these twaine ;  
But faire *Eliza* quickly turnes her face,  
To find her deare *Alceste* out againe.  
Together towards their Camp they spur apace ;  
And happely they had not run in vaine,  
But that *Eliza's* horse amidst his race,  
Stumbled and fell, through roughnesse of the place.

With

*The Tragedie of*

38.

With that she crid; O stay not, husband fly,  
O stay not, fly; what meanst thou thus to stay;  
If thou escap'st, the death is sweet I dy:  
I am but lost, what good does this delay?  
What folly is this? wilt thou thy valour try  
Against a hundred troopes? art mad I say?  
O fly: there is no more to think upon;  
Let one suffice for both: O fly, be gon.

39.

But he (not us'd to yeeld to such invites)  
Makes haste to get betwixt them and his wife.  
His horse he gallops, and his sword he gripes,  
Resolv'd to dy except he sav'd her life.  
He thought himselfe against a thousand Knights  
Of force sufficient, in so just a strife.  
Thus arm'd and charm'd with love, he scorn'd to fly  
From her he lov'd, and leave her there to dy.

40.

So he with-stood a Camp, oppos'd them all,  
(By desperation over hardy made)  
But over-laid at last was driven to fall:  
Three mortall wounds he in his brest receiv'd.  
But first his sword had made *Armene* spraulc,  
And *Altomar* upon the ground had laid,  
Wounded *Tarpantes* arme, *Anfrisos* brest,  
And broke *Falsirens* helmet ore his Crest.

Meane



Alceste and Eliza.

41.

Meane-while *Eliza* horse gat up againe,  
And she to find her husband fought about,  
At last she spi'd him, wounded, wan, and faine,  
Bleeding amongst a thousand speares a foot,  
She thither flings, with frenzy in her braine,  
And he that saw her up, did what he mought  
To repossesse his horse, and rise againe,  
Now weake with losse of blood, and full of paine.

42.

The loving wife forbears not to expole  
Her naked brest, against the piercing steele,  
Shee thwarts the troopes and weapons of her foes,  
And makes the know her strength, by what they feele,  
But womans brest against such cruell blowes  
Is found too slender and too weake a shield  
She held it out, till one crosse blow by chance  
Lit on her side, which open'd to the Lance.

43.

Th' inamored *Eliza* fals not yet,  
But keepe her stirrups firme whereon she stood,  
Her new device with gold and jewells set  
Was now enamel'd with a streame of blood.  
Her presence in *Alceste* did beget  
Strength to remount, and make his passage good.  
They now together better hopes conceive  
To scape by flight, then eist they thought to have.

But

*The Tragedie of*

44.

But from the left-hand wing to stop the way, (might,  
Which towards the bridge they tooke with all their  
*Artasse* brought his troopes in good array,  
And gat betwixt their Rampier and their flight.  
The wretched Lovers durst no longer stay,  
But made away, with all the speed they might :  
In flying yet there was some hope, though small,  
In staying there was lesse, or none at all.

45.

From plaine to hill, from hill to dale againe,  
This loving couple up and downe do fling  
Staining the ground with blood where're they straine;  
And still pursu'd at heeles by 'th *Pagan* King :  
At last a hard and crooked path they gaine,  
That leades unto a wood, or desert spring,  
So thicke with trees, and bushes overgrowne,  
That there they lost them, how was never knowne.

*He comes to this tale againe in the next booke, as you may  
see by turning over this leafe.*



Alceste and Eliza.

3 Digression.

*My Author, like a Keeper, walkes his round,  
And hath the world (as he his parke) at will,  
Viewes every nooke and corner of his ground,  
Sees which are rascall, which are fit to kill:  
And I, that serve but as his dry-foot Hownd,  
Must not exceed my leame, but draw on still,  
To find a brace of Deere-ones broken out,  
That Death the blood-hound harries all about.*

**T**He Persian King beheld the glasse put-out,  
Which had anoy'd the Christian Camp so sore,  
And saw the Christians (thereupon growne stout)  
Defend themselves more bravely then before,  
With all his Hoast inclosing them about  
(Rage and revenge could not have acted more)  
Makes ~~the~~ *Armallo* first assault their Wall,  
An unexpected sally frustrates all.

D

Meane-

I.

Meane-while *Eliza* and her deare *Alcest*  
Gallop their horses up and downe the woods,  
Exceeding weake, and faint for lacke of rest,  
Bedewing all their passage with their bloods,  
And with their wounds still more and more opprest,  
(Although *Elizas* were the lesser floods)  
Opprest in-deed for now the weary Knight  
Began to languish, and to dy outright.

2.

And spent and weake, his face like frozen snow,  
With trembling voyce, and sounding somewhat low  
He raignes his horse, to make him go more slow,  
And cries, stay wife, I can no farther go,  
My paine to such extreamity doth grow,  
I feele my selfe consume with bleeding so ;  
Thus languishing and tir'd at length he tri'de  
To light, and rest his ill affected side.

3.

And underneath a shrub he sits him downe,  
And leanes his armed head upon a stone,  
His shield (an idle burthen) from him thrown,  
His arme too weake to beare it now is grown ;  
The woman that had slackt her pace, efts Boone,  
(Strucke to the heart to heare his dying tone)  
Leapes from her horse, and runs to him amaine,  
More sencelesse of her owne, then of his paine.



Alceste and Eliza.

4.

The wound she had upon her tender side,  
Which troubled her till then, she feels no more  
Such strange effects in love are often ride,  
As fire within and marble frozen o're.  
T'was not her owne (for that she qualifi'd)  
They were her husbands wounds she felt so sore:  
Rather for him she felt the greater anguish,  
That he in body, she in soule did languish.

5.

Th' afflicted came whereas her deare Lord lay,  
And when she saw him dying, and his eyes  
Already vail'd, his spirits all decay,  
And nothing left him but a tale of Ice,  
She knew not what to do, or what to say:  
She invokes the earth, to heaven she cries,  
She neither hides her griefe, nor it bewraies,  
She weepes, forbears, curses, complaines, and praies.

6.

She runs to call some helpe, she knowes not whom,  
Heards-man or Shepheard, but she knowes not where,  
Returns the way she went, and all-alone  
(Like one distract) she wanders here and there.  
The woods alone, that heare her make her moane  
Can lend no comfort, though they lend an eare:  
Their boughes are silent, silent are their leaves,  
The aire no answer to her sorrow gives.

*The Tragedy of*

7.

At last she backe returns, and doth unclasp  
The sturdy Helmet from his frozen head,  
And laies it gently in her hollow lap,  
Vpon a pillow of her garments spread :  
Then stoop't to kisse it, when it was her hap  
To kisse those lippes that were already dead ;  
And now shee's faine to take a kisse by stealth,  
Which he was wont to give her of himselfe.

8.

With that her cheekes beperled with her teares,  
(Like damaske Roses with a mornings Ice)  
She leaves him lying, to disgorge her cares  
(Fixing mean-while her faire eyes on the skies)  
Alas, (quoth she) and were not all their speares  
Able to pierce this brest that naked lies ?  
Can nothing kill me, that unarmed go ?  
And must *Alceste* dy, that's armed so ?

9.

Base Steele, it was thy trealon lost *Alcest*,  
What strokes are those that use to harden thee,  
If (when with blowes thy temper should prove best)  
Thou changeest nature, and becomest free ?  
Alas, this single garment sav'd my brest,  
That sturdy armour would not safe-guard thee :  
For thee I shall accompt all Steele as glasse,  
And he that trusts in armour, but an asse.

Be-



**Alceste and Eliza.**

**10.**

Betraid by it, from me thou do'st depart,  
And where alas, where (cruell leav'st thou me ?)  
Distrest, alone, in such an uncouth part,  
As nought but trees, and stones there are to see.  
Or what availes that free'd from fire thou wert,  
Since to thy death thou ran'st as speedily ?  
And carrying death along with thee for hire,  
Mett'st with the sword, where thou escap'st the fire.

**11.**

Ay-mee, thou dyest ; hath then *Eliza's* fate  
Kept her alive to see this misery ?  
Why was her life preserv'd at sea alate ;  
Was that too faire a death for her to dy ?  
And must her husband in this dolefull state,  
First dy within her armes, sans remedy ?  
And she that neither fire nor sword can kill,  
Must she live griefs mortall monster still ?

**12.**

It shall not be, And in that desperat plight  
Vnto her deare *Alcestes* sword she flies,  
She sets the point against her left side right,  
Where to the heart the readiest passage lies.  
But now it chanc't, the pale discolour'd Knight  
(Before his wife fell on his sword) revives :  
He strives to speake, at last brings out her name,  
And praies her (dying) to forbear the same.

*The Tragedy of*

13.

Whether it were, that as a candle shewes  
A little blase, before it go quite out;  
His light now ready to extinguish rofe  
To some more show, then formerly it mought;  
Or that of wonders, this is one of those  
That Love alone (as soveraigne) brings about,  
And he that can do all, and none does more,  
Thus made his last words heard, not heard before.

14.

*Eliza* live, and love me still (quoth he)  
In thy faire bosome now our loves must dwell;  
Remember thou hast often said to me  
Thy heart was mine; for my sake use it well.  
And I (if heaven permit it so to be)  
And that those powers do not my suite repell  
Do promise (for thy comfort) to love thee,  
As much as (after death) thou canst do me.

15.

But first I looke, that thou should'st living show  
The like to me, that so I may depart  
The more content. And here (as wind doth blow  
A candle out) a chilnesse seis'd each part:  
His hand and arme (lift up) so feeble grow  
They fall like lead, upon his fainting heart.  
*Eliza* sees it: and with drowned eyes  
In floods of teares, to him she thus replies.

Thou



Alceste and Eliza.

16.

Thou bidst me live. I must not disobey,  
(If he forbid it not that is of power )  
I then of Fortune and of Love will stay  
To be the fatall marke, now grieve no more.  
And whilst she weeping stood, and thus did say,  
He look't more cheerefull, then he did before.  
But heaving up his heavy eyes towards heaven,  
His soule forsooke him, and the stroke was given.

17.

Now when she saw him perfect earth appeare  
(Because on earth she ne're should see him more)  
She rent her face, and tore her golden haire,  
Her guiltlesse eyes the badge of fury bore.  
And so excessive was her grieve and feare,  
Her heart could not containe it as before ;  
Her soule burst out, and left her so awhile,  
To shew how death can any paine beguile.

18.

The Sun mean-while into the sea was got,  
And silent night had darkned all the coast,  
Yet still her swooning held, and left her not,  
Thus had *Eliza* all her senses lost.  
When lo, an ugly, old, ill-favour'd Tror,  
With gastly lookes, and locks about her tost,  
Came flying thither on a winged Goat :  
The aire (devided) gave a fearefull noat.

*The Tragedy of*

19.

This Beldame chiefe at every wanton match,  
Gads Moon by moon, at dreadfull time of night,  
And is prefer'd at each lascivious watch,  
For doing that wherein the worst delight.  
And when fate shall the loathsome life dispatch  
Of that proud tyrant, prone to all despight,  
She hopes, with thousand other witches fell,  
To make her selfe (one day) the Queen of hell.

20.

*Altea* she is call'd, who with foule jawes,  
Comes from *Avernus* to disturb our rest.  
Each minister of hels infernall lawes  
Not only answers, but obeys her hest.  
This woman bore *Armene*, on the waves  
Of *Thesalie*, & nurst him at her brest,  
He whom *Alceste* kild, as he did passe  
In so much haste, to breake the fatall glasse.

21.

In which respect, inflam'd with deep disdain,  
The angry mother nightly runs about  
To be reveng'd on him that had him slain,  
And gall and woormwood from her eyes doth shoot:  
And now she comes to seek him, but in vaine,  
She findes him dead before her spight breakes out.  
And like a Kite that thinks he spies his prey,  
Returns unfed, and cryes, such is her stay.

And



**Alceste and Eliza.**

22.

And thus unto her self. Though death forbid  
That I should wreck me where I most desire,  
It shall not hinder me, that in his stead  
This woman feele the rigour of mine ire :  
And my designs shall so far forth proceed,  
To interrupt his peace in heavens high quire,  
Whilst from above, with anguish he shall see  
Her that he loves so dearly, plagu'd by me.

23.

This said, *Altea* with disheveled haire  
In hideous manner scatter'd to the wind,  
First shakes her rod, wherewith she keeps in feare,  
The furies that have heads with Adders twind,  
Then strikes the ground, and by their names doth reare  
Th'infernall spirits up, to harm enclin'd.  
When loe, at iteration of her divellish charm,  
The uncleane squadron quickly thither swarm.

24.

Th' implacable *Megara* hasts to tell  
What she would have them do at her request :  
Nay, she commands the damned crew of hell  
To take possession of *Eliza's* brest :  
And as within their own Tartarian cell,  
This wicked rabble there take up their nest.  
Committing (like unhospitable gueffe)  
On her faire body, outrage and excessse.

This

*The Tragedy of*

25.

This done, th'inhabitants of darke Avern  
Cry out, exclaim, and threaten all at once.  
She with her cudgell conjur'd up the stern  
And lasie hell-hounds from their restlesse rest,  
Till all the kennell were driven out, and yern  
To dominere within her tender brest.  
And then she mounted on her Goat againe,  
Swifter then any of the winged traine.

26.

When she departed thence, the night did mourne  
In blackest houres, farthest from the day,  
Equally distant to the lights return,  
As to the time wherein it went away.  
And now the Damsell underneath the thorn  
(That in a swoune by her lost-lover lay)  
Revives; but not as erst, for now she bid  
More pain and woe, then ever woman did.

27.

She fees a silent horror overflow  
Her brest, yet knowes not what the cause should be:  
She little thinks her alterations grow  
From divels, which torter her so cruelly;  
Meane while those spirits all their poyson blow  
Into her organs: and they make her see  
(Or rather think she sees, such are her feares)  
Both Lyons, Panthers, Tygers, Woolfes, and Beares.  
Twas



Alceste and Eliza.

28.

'Twas midnight then, and heaven as dark as pitch,  
No Moon appear'd, nor could one see or heare  
Ought in that desert place to stir or quitch,  
So mute the world was, and so dark the sphere:  
And yet the power was such of that damn'd Witch,  
(What with transparent poyson and such geare)  
That this poor damsell did both heare and see,  
And when 'twas midnight, thought it noon to be.

29.

She turn'd about, and saw a sudden fire  
Rise in a meadow out of broken stones:  
And by that kindling, (which was soon grown higher)  
A winde to rise from out their flinty bones:  
It blew amaine, and that breath did inspire  
A flame, which up to heaven did clime at once;  
And in that flame deceased mortals cast,  
By those infernall ghosts, we spake of last.

30.

And when those divels had gather'd up as fast  
The ashes of their burned flesh againe,  
They sprinkled them with teares, and made a paste,  
Wherewith they shap't anew the bodies flaine;  
Which reincarnate and patch't up in haste,  
Consume afresh in never dying paine.  
The flames doe bellow, and the horrid sound  
Of Ghosts tormented endlessly resound.

Now

*The Tragedy of*

31.

Now whil'st *Eliza* this strange torment ey'd,  
A cold ran to her heart through every veine,  
A crue of hell-hounds ready there she spy'd,  
To drag her husband to that scorching flame;  
The wretched knight exclaim'd, complain'd and cry'd  
Vpon *Eliza*, and her Love did blame,  
But she that saw him thus, (in spite of hell)  
Would not abandon him she lov'd so well.

32.

Till feare at last so much possesst her brain,  
That (cold and trembling like a leafe i'th winde)  
She was no longer able to refrain  
Her fearfull foot, but more afrighted minde.  
She runs away, and heares *Alceste* plaine,  
Speaking, and groning, at her back behind.  
He cals upon her, and intreats her back,  
And makes her challenge that she loves him nat.

33.

And thereupon she stayes, afrighted fore,  
And feeles her heart still stricken with the sound,  
She hardly breathes; yet running more and more,  
Flyes from that sad report, which now she found  
More fear'd in death, then deer in life before:  
The noyse afflicts her still with fierce resound,  
And still she runs to finde a safer place,  
Through thickest woods, that rend her haire and face.  
O're



Alceste and Eliza.

34.

O're highest mountains, and the broken horns  
Of steepest rocks, and craggy cliffes she strays,  
And where 'tis overgrown with bush and thornes,  
There findes she out impenitrable wayes:  
And yet the fearfull noyse where ere she turnes,  
Pursues her still at heels, and never staves.  
She looks with eyes distorted, gashly fierce,  
Neither in colour nor in shape as erst.

35.

She speakes in divers tongues, and doth at full  
Pronounce each Countries accents though remote,  
Neighs like a Horse, and bellowes like a Bull,  
Bleats like a Sheep, and stammers like a Goat,  
Of many sounds makes one confus'd and dull,  
The Adders hissing, and the Panthers note,  
The wolfs hoarse howling, and the whistling sound  
Of hollow vaults and crannies under-ground.

36.

The poor soule flies, and strikes her weary brest,  
Her ivory palms she beats and wrings for woe,  
She teares her haire; and gives her cheeks no rest,  
That to a paleness turn their untoucht snow,  
A thick deep panting shakes her sides, oppress  
With violence of her heart, that strikes them so.  
Now whil' st this torment lasts, the liquid night  
Gives way unto the daies succeeding light.

And

*The Tragedie of*

37.

And she her sad lights turning towards the East;  
And viewing there the new approaching Sun,  
Suppos'd a fire to rise from out the dust,  
Which burning every mortall thing did run :  
With that she ran more eagerly then erst,  
And call'd with her each thing, the fire to shun.  
Away ye groves (she cryes) ye fields away,  
The fire will catch you if you longer stay.

38.

And at an instant with her tender hands  
(O wondrous force of power demoniack!)  
She pluckt up ancient trees, like little wands,  
Stript off their boughs, and made their bodies crack,  
The wood gives way on heaps, and quaking stands,  
Where that infernall fury drives it back.  
An angry eastern wind did never blow  
To waste a Forrest, or consume it so.

39.

But when those lothsome fiends themselves withdrew,  
And gave a little respite to her flight;  
And that her eyes had lost their bloody hue,  
Her haire grown smooth that stood before upright;  
She rightly found from whence her error grew,  
She sees but Firres and Mirtels in her sight;  
Ther's no *Alceste* now; she heares no cryes;  
The fire is quencht; and *Phœbus* mounts the skies.

Wher-



**Aloeste and Eliza.**

40.

Whereby (poor thing) she well perceiv'd at last  
That she with unclean spirits was possesst.  
And that their fury carried her so fast  
O re hils and dales, without one minutes rest.  
Frozen and dumb, amazed, and agast,  
She mus'd a while; and then with griefe oppress,  
Fixing on heaven her sad and watry eyes,  
She calls on God in this most humble wise.

41.

O God! if for her sinnes *Eliza* still  
Must be tormented with such cruelty,  
That neither wounds nor griefe will serve to kill,  
(Because no death should end her misery)  
Defend her yet, (if't be thy blessed will)  
That she may shew therein her constancy.  
And that no power infernall may prevaile,  
To tyrannize her soule, though weake and fraile.

13.

'Tis true my soule hath err'd; for so great love  
Should not be plac'd in sensuality.  
And so it err'd, tht foolishly it strove  
To leave its native seat, as desperately.  
But who can moderate, much lesse remove  
The fire that in a Lovers heart doth lye?  
O let thy mercies, and my slender faith  
Purchase forgivenessse at thy hands, she saith.

**And**

*The Tragedie of*

43.

And then proceeds, teares running downe her face.  
O what a mischief am I brought unto  
By cruell fate: that (though it be my case  
By death and love to be afflicted so)  
When Land and Sea lacks torment and disgrace,  
Sorrow and losse, for me to undergoe,  
(The world being weary of tormenting me)  
Hell should rise up to work my misery.

44.

With saying this, her one and other star  
Declining towards the ground, and weeping too,  
Are now made fairer by her sorrowes far,  
And sorrow lovely by her weeping so.  
And I would say heavens rebels cease their war  
For this short time, more then they use to do,  
In pittie of those teares: but that I know  
Hell hath no mercy, divels no pittie show.

45.

But those fell spirits and unjust, meane while  
Deny the comfort of their short delay,  
And now return to give her new turmoyle,  
Leaving her rest but little time of stay:  
Her voyce is chang'd, her colour doth recoyle;  
She howles and bawles, like any dog at bay;  
And here and there she runs, with fury prest;  
Cryes madly out; and strikes her guiltlesse brest.

'Tis



**Alceste and Eliza.**

46.

'Tis strange I tell you: sometimes she will rise  
Above the earth; and as some fowles are found  
Of swifter wing then others, so she flies,  
And to the tops of highest trees doth bound;  
And sometimes like a wrigling snake she lies  
Trailing her brest alongst the mossie ground,  
This way and that way, up and downe she straies,  
And comes and goes the very selfesame waies.

47.

At length return'd from wandring to and fro,  
Where late before she left *Alceste* dead,  
It seems to her (the infernall furies so  
Abuse her senses, and her sight mislead)  
A monstrous Boare, with bristles fierce in show,  
Too neerly lodg'd, she thought too deerly fed.  
And she that never laid her bow aside,  
Now thought it long, untill her skill were tride.

48.

And all her arrowes she had quickly sent  
To wait upon her metamorphos'd Lord:  
Which (as before his death, her aime was bent  
Still at his heart) flew thither from the cord.  
Happy *Alceste* that he did prevent  
This sight, by dying on anothers sword:  
At least to see that he had scap't the hell,  
To have her murther him, he lov'd so well.

E

Now

49.

Now whilst this folly rambled in her brains,  
Certain old Shepheards chanc't to come that way,  
(Driving their flocks to pasture on the plains)  
Who spide her madnesse, where her husband lay,  
And (with their horns assembling other Swaines)  
Sought all they could her frantick course to stay:  
They held her fast, and then with tender twigs  
First bound her hands, and after that her legs.

50.

And causing her together with her knight  
To be conveid for buriall to their cote,  
Performing every part of humane right,  
And not omitting any thing of note.  
They laid his body under marble white,  
Though not so rich and smooth, yet cleanly wrought:  
And o're his tombe a noble trophy dight,  
Of Arms hang'd up unto that warlike wight.

*He comes to this tale againe in the 28 booke as you may see  
in the following leafe.*



*Alceste and Eliza.*

4 Digression.

*And here againe my Author breakes his thread,  
To weave some other stuffe upon his loome.  
To say the truth, 'tis time, when one is dead,  
The other buried in a living tombe,  
To leave them to their rest : but I am led  
By stricter taske, to shew what is become  
Of poore Eliza, whom at last I finde  
(As you may reade) distracted still in minde.*

*Lib. 28. p. 567.*

I

**T**He honest shepheards that in marble pure  
Had caus'd *Alceste* to be buried,  
Now taking care of faire *Eliza's* cure,  
(Still with foule spirits vext and wearied)  
That her disease (which was not very sure  
By mortall hand) might be recovered :  
Unto the Isle of *Sard* brought her bound,  
Where they the holy man *Niceto* found.

E z

The

## *The Tragedy of*

2.

The mournfull widowe being thither led,  
Full of intestine smart, and hellish rage,  
Pale, afflicted, and all over spred,  
With staines and badges of hels vassalage,  
Whil' st Satan seem'd a little quieted,  
And spar'd a while her body to out-rage,  
Her bitter sorrow drew from her faire eyes  
Streames of complaint, and thus to him she cries.

3.

Behold here poor *Eliza* at thy feet,  
Who had the title both of faith and love,  
And durst in combat with her husband meet  
That so her death might her affection prove,  
Behold in what a miserable plite  
Shee's now brought to thee, let her sight thee move;  
Behold her made (by this impetuous storm)  
Of love and fortune now the very scorn.

4.

To thee I come, beseeching thee (if ever  
Mortals sorrow mov'd thee to compassion)  
To cure my soule of this intestine fever  
Of extreame torment, and infernall passion.  
Or shew at least how I by death may sever  
My life and grieve, in any honest fashion:  
For better 'twere, at once, to feele deaths power,  
Then thus to dye a thousand times an houre.

And



*Alceste and Eliza.*

5.

And here the faire and comfortlesse lets fall  
Her teares in greater plenty from her eyes;  
Which seeme as fountains overflowing all,  
So fast they gush, so full their streams arise.  
Her extreame weeping doth *Niceto* call  
To take compassion of her miseries.  
He comforts her: and (to prepare her faith  
For heavenly graces) thus unto her saith.

6.

Superfluous love (my daughter) is a fault,  
And dotage our Creator much offends,  
Because the creature enters by default  
On that which is his due, and it mispends.  
No mervaille then if (in this lower vault)  
We feele his hand, when his just wrath descends,  
Whil'st we in earth, love any mortall thing,  
With that high love, belongs to heavens high King.

7.

And thou that had'st the bloody minde to kill  
Thy self with thine own hands, so desperately,  
(Because thy husband dy'd against thy will,  
And that thou lov'dst him so immoderately)  
Deserv'st no favour, but that all this ill  
For penance of thy fault, should light on thee.  
The knife and fire (thou know'st) must then be us'd,  
When juyce of hearbs and liquors are refus'd.

*The Tragedy of*

8.

The guilty widow heard (with humble show)  
All that he said, and list'ned unto it,  
And falling downe before the Hermit low  
Confest, and sorrow'd for her love-sicke fit.  
Renounc't the pleasures that bewicht her so,  
And curst the fancies that bereft her wit.  
Each error she so sorrow'd, and lamented,  
As never any sorrow'd or repented.

9.

*Niceto* lifting up his sacred hands,  
Untyde her soule, and that (unbound) adrest  
(More lovely faire then ever 'twas in bands)  
To God, that he would grant her sad request.  
But now againe began those hellish brands  
To move afresh, and muster in her brest.  
She changes gesture, colour, shape, and speech,  
Distorts her eyes, and gnasheth with her teeth.

10.

Whereat Gods servant (after he had sent  
His winged praiers to the King of heaven)  
His pittie on the woman wholly bent,  
That hell to such extremity had driven.  
And calling on the name omnipotent,  
Which makes each Ghost to tremble in Avern,  
He breathes cleere light, and utters purest fire,  
In thundring notes his conjuring words aspire.

By



Alceste and Eliza.

11.

By that great God that governs heaven, and raigns;  
By that great love that nail'd him to the Crosse;  
By that great pain wherewith he heal'd the pains  
Of those lost sheep, that else had suffer'd losse;  
By that great power which measures and restraines  
Each living thing to the Tartarian Foss;  
By that great Lord, whose all-supernall might  
Laies chains on hell, and governs heaven aright.

12.

By him I charge you, uncleane spirits heare,  
Heare wicked angels what I say to you,  
Depart I say from out those members faire,  
And get you to your lothsome vaulted stow.  
Come out you unclean beasts, that place forbear,  
Come out (I say) you harmfull monsters now.  
Iesus, sweet Iesus, Iesus rich in power,  
Command this cursed legion out this hour.

13.

These heavenly words no sooner passage found,  
But faire *Eliza* fell, as fals a Corse  
That livelesse strikes upon the senselesse ground,  
Her fall reviv'd our hopes, awak'r remorse:  
Her heart left beating, all her veins were drown'd,  
A violent oppilation stopt their course,  
Whereby her life now out now in did enter  
And made the circle move from out it's center.

*The Tragedy of*

14.

And at that Fall, ( as boystrous windes still do  
When from their empty and resounding iayle,  
The high-Commander, lets his bridle go,  
Which staies the fury of their blustering gale,  
Rush headlong out, and whistle where they blow,  
The East, the West, the North, and South, none faile,  
And in a fierce and fearefull skirmish make  
The earth to totter, and the heaven to shake )

15.

Even so those spirits ( made perforce to pack )  
Left poore *Eliza* in a deadly slumber :  
The Island trembled, and the aire grew black,  
The cloudes were broken with unholsome thunder ;  
They light upon an old obdurat oake,  
And at an instant teare it all asunder :  
The boughes and branches in such shivers fly,  
They strew the ground, and darken all the sky.

16.

At last the earth-quake endes ; and round about  
The cloudes disperse ; and with them all our care ;  
The sky growes cleere ; and all that beastly rout  
Are loose and gone ; no longer groanes the aire ;  
And now the poore young Woman looking out  
Recovers life, she breathes and sighs for feare.  
Her soule returnes unto it's wonted cure,  
It gathers strength, but yet is scarce secure.

He



*Alceste and Eliza.*

*He comes to this againe, in the 583. pag. of the same booke,  
as you may see heare following.*

*5 Digression.*

*Here where my Author doth but change his pen,  
I in a fury cast mine quite away :  
Because I cannot sing of Armes and Men,  
Or make a verse of all I meane to say.  
And yet I'le take it up againe, to tell  
How faire Eliza beautifies her Cell.*

*Lib. 28. p. 583.*

66.

**W**Hen good *Niceto* had *Eliza* blest,  
And given due thanks for that exceeding grace,  
He left the Isle. But first he thought it best  
To settell her in some convenient place,  
Where she mought live hereafter more at rest,  
And sing his praises that had heard her case :  
At whose great name, she saw good reason now,  
That every knee in Heaven and Earth should bow.

He

*The Tragedy of*

67.

He mought have studi'd long, and travell'd far,  
To find her out a fitter place of rest.  
The aptnesse of the Isle wherein they were  
Made him beleeeve that place to be best ;  
It was not troubled with the noyse of war,  
Nor yet with any powerfull hand opprest :  
The quietnesse and safety of this Isle,  
Made him resolve, to leave her there awhile.

68.

Not far from thence a Monastery stood,  
Built on the rising of a little hill,  
Which overlook't a streame, whose Crystall flood  
Ran ever from it, yet was with it still,  
The building not so curious, as good,  
Rich in the Meddowes, and the land not ill.  
A neat-built Chappell, and a spacious Hall,  
Were all the roomes of note, the rest were small.

69.

A more retired place for contemplation,  
Plenty, or ease, was no where to be found.  
Yet wanted it no honest recreation,  
As Orchards set with trees, and alli'd round,  
A Garden, both for use, and delectation,  
More like an *Eden*, then a common ground.  
A Dormitory, plac't so well by art,  
That every Sister had her Cell apart.

Thi.



**Alceste and Eliza.**

70.

Thither the man-of-God convey'd his guest,  
Who of a Souldier now a Nunne would prove,  
(Craving the sacred vaile amongst the rest)  
By vow a Recluse never to remove.  
Where long time after, she her selfe exprest  
Hand-maid to God, as she had beene to Love.  
Till of her mortall vaile by death bereav'n  
She re-enjoy'd her faithfull Love in Heavens.

**F I N I S.**

*By this time, I suppose the Reader's glad  
As well as I, this Tale is at an end :  
A Tragedy well told will make one sad ;  
Then, how much more when 't is so poorly pen'd ?  
The lines be true, although the rimes bee bad,  
Let that suffice thee, as thou art my Friend.  
Tis one thing to go bound, another free ;  
Try it thy selfe, and thou wilt beare with mee.*

*Laconia. Peloponnesi Regio : nunc Morea.*

*Cythera. Insula contra Cretam, nunc Candiam. 5. millibus a Malea prom : distans, veneris numini Dedicata.*

*Cosdras vel Casraes, Persarum Rex : Anno salutis 534. Hic Tyrannus nonaginta millia Christianorum interfecit ; et partem crucis dominicae secum asportavit. Pius 2. Pontif.*

*Heraclius. Romanorum Imperator : qui contra Cosroem bellam per quatuordecim annos continue gerebat.*

*Carthago. urbs Aethica totius celeberrima, Romanique Imperii aliquando emula à Didone condita.*

*Asopis. Regiuncula Peloponnensi, in tractu Acaiae ab Asopo fluvio cui iac et.*

*Asopus. Fluvius Peloponnensi, in Chronio monte nascens in sinum Corinthiacum influens.*

*Malea. Promontorium Liconia. a Maleo Argivorum Rege dicta ; qui in ea Templum construxit, quod Maleaticum appellavit.*

*Partha. Asia regio : huius incolae Parthi dicuntur. hi arcu plurimum valuerunt, quo vel fugentes hosti detrimentum afferebant.*

*Persia. Regio orientalis in Asia : cuius Imperium uti olim celebr. sic etiam hodie maxime clarum est : amplissimasque regiones Comprehendit ; a Sophis Persia Regibus posside-*



*Arabia. Regio Asia majoris inter Indeam & Egyptum.*

*Theffalia. Regio Grecia : ad mare inter Peneum amnem  
& montem Thermopylas extensa.*

*Tartara. Locus profundissimus inferorum, in quo fontes  
plectuntur.*

*Avernus. Lacus Campania, prope Baias, quem Platoni  
dicatum & inferorum limen esse rudis vetustas credidit. Ca-  
pitur plerunque pro ipso inferorum loco, vel propter fatorem  
vel propter necromanciam qua ibi exercebatur.*

*Asia, una ex quatuor partibus orbis terrarum. Divisa ho-  
die in quinque partes, secundum ejus Imperia.*

*Aphrica vel Africa. Tertia pars orbis qua freto Herculeo  
a Nilo ceterisque orbis partibus deducitur. ab Aphro dicta,  
uno ex posteris Abraba. Libya & Hesperia à Grecis dicta.*

*Thracia. Latissima Europa Regio, Macedonia ad occasum  
proxima. ita dicta à Thrace, Martis filio; aut à Regionis  
asperitate.*

*Ganges. Indica fluvius maximus, qui universam secus In-  
diam, secum aureas arenas trahens. a Gange Æthiopans Re-  
ge dictus.*

*Eden. Orientalis regio. Isa. 37. 4 Reg. 19. Lat. voluptas,  
sive delicia.*

FINIS.



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